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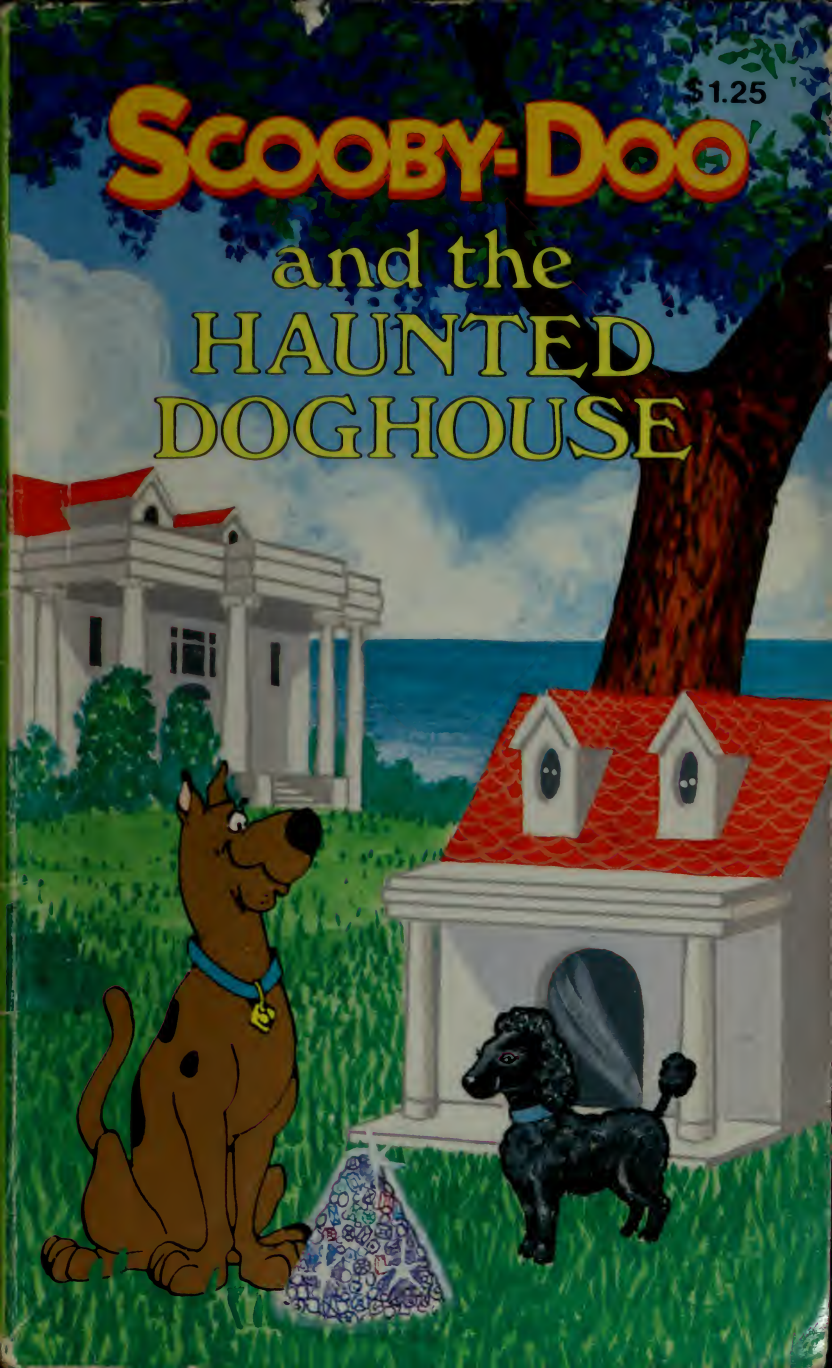
SCOOBY-DOO and the HAUNTED DOGHOUSE



Hanna-Barbera Authorized Edition

Scooby-Doo and the Haunted Doghouse

Story by Horace J. Elias

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It was an early evening in June when Daphne Blake's father called to her from his den.

"Daphne, dear," he said, "could you come in here for a few moments? There's something I have to discuss with you."

Daphne put aside the book she was reading and hurried into the den.

"What's up, daddy?" she asked.

"Something that will interest you and your chums," replied her father.

"You mean you've got a job for us? For Mystery, Incorporated?" Daphne cried.

"That's about the size of it," said Mr. Blake with a smile.

"Tell me about it!" said Daphne anxiously.

"Well," answered Mr. Blake, "I don't feel like telling it twice — so why don't you see if you can get Fred and Velma and Shaggy over here in a hurry?"

"OK," said Daphne. In quick succession, she made three phone calls. Thirty minutes later the other members of Mystery, Inc. — Fred Jones, Velma Dinkly, Shaggy Rogers, and, of course,

Scooby-Doo — had arrived and were seated in Mr. Blake's den, ready to listen.

"Here's the story," he began. "A little earlier this evening, I had a call from an old friend, Gideon Van Pelt. He's a very wealthy man who lives in a big old mansion on the Monterey Peninsula in California — about 100 miles south of San Francisco. His house is near a town called Carmel."

"What's his problem, sir?" asked Fred.

"I'm not completely sure," replied Mr. Blake. "He sounded quite upset on the telephone. But from what I gathered, it seems he's convinced his house is haunted!"

At this, the members of Mystery, Inc. perked up and began to show signs of eager interest — all but

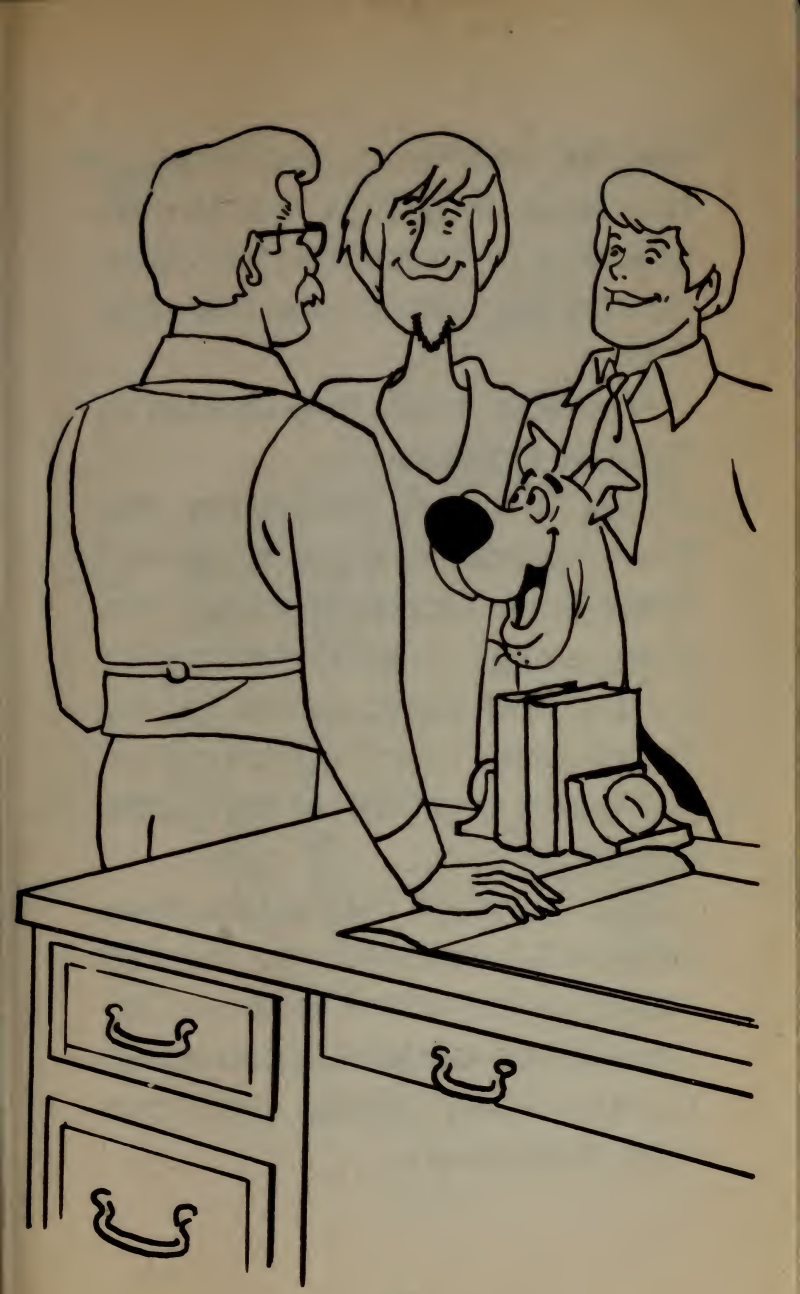
one, that is. Scooby-Doo uttered a low moan and made a noise that sounded very much like, "Oh, no — not a haunted house!"

"Hush, Scooby!" scolded Velma. "I think you just pretend to be scared. I think you enjoy a mystery as much as we do!"

Scooby looked at Velma despairingly, gave another moan, and crawled into a corner.

"Anybody who doesn't want to tackle Mr. Van Pelt's haunted house?" asked Daphne. "Anybody except Scooby-Doo, that is," she added hurriedly, as the big dog raised his head, prepared to howl miserably.

In a few seconds, the members of Mystery, Inc. had decided to take on the problem of Gideon



Van Pelt and his haunted house. In two days, they had the Mystery Machine in shape for the cross-country trip and left one day after that.

Five days later, they arrived in Carmel, California.

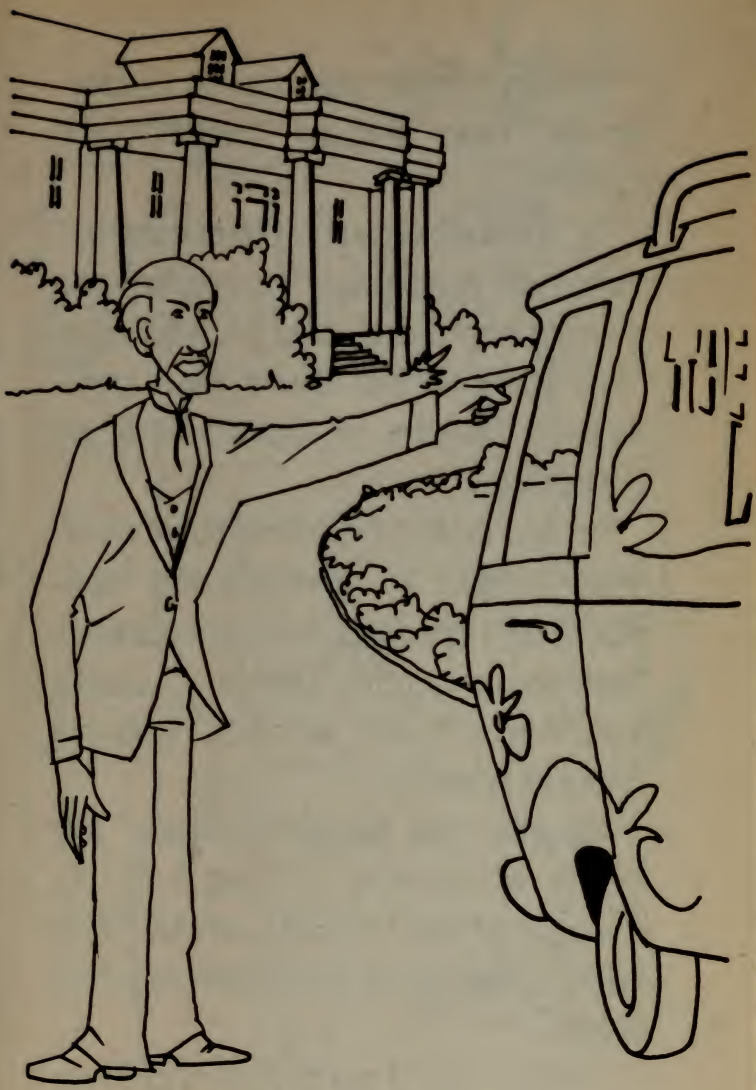
"This is a very interesting little town," exclaimed Daphne, as they drove down Ocean Avenue — the main street — past the quaint shops and restaurants to the beach area, which fronts on Carmel Bay, a small arm of the Pacific Ocean.

From one of the shops, they received directions to the Van Pelt home, which wasn't really in Carmel, but in a residential area called Carmel Valley, slightly south and east of the town.

Twenty minutes later, they turned into a long, tree-lined driveway which ended in front of a large, rambling mansion. Several cars were parked in the big turnaround area of the driveway. As they piled out of the Mystery Machine, a man in a butler's uniform hurried through the front door and proceeded to the edge of the porch.

"Here, here!" he exclaimed. "You can't leave that — that *vehicle* in Mr. Van Pelt's driveway, you know! Tourists are definitely *not* welcome here! You really *must* move on at once — or we shall be forced to call the local police! Now — get on with it — out! Out! Out!"

Fred strolled over to where the red-faced butler stood on the top step of the stairs leading down from the huge porch.



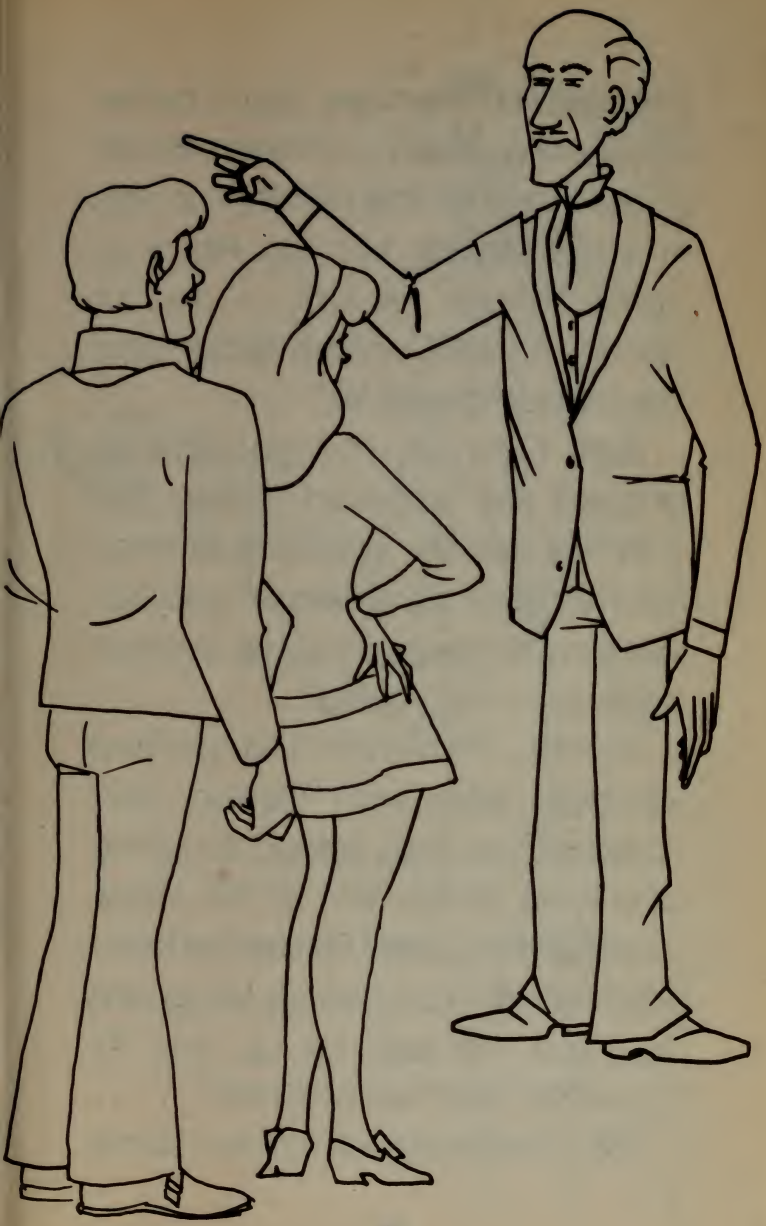
"I don't think you quite understand," Fred began. "We're here to —"

"I understand perfectly!" snapped the butler. "You're here to snoop, and stare, and pick flowers, and trample the lawns, and generally make a nuisance of yourselves!"

At this point, Daphne took over. She walked to where Fred was, stood alongside of him, and asked, "Before we go any further — what's your name? And what do you do around here?"

Angrily, the butler replied, "My name is Winston — and I am in charge of this house! I am Mr. Van Pelt's butler. Now, suppose you and your —"

"Not so fast," Daphne

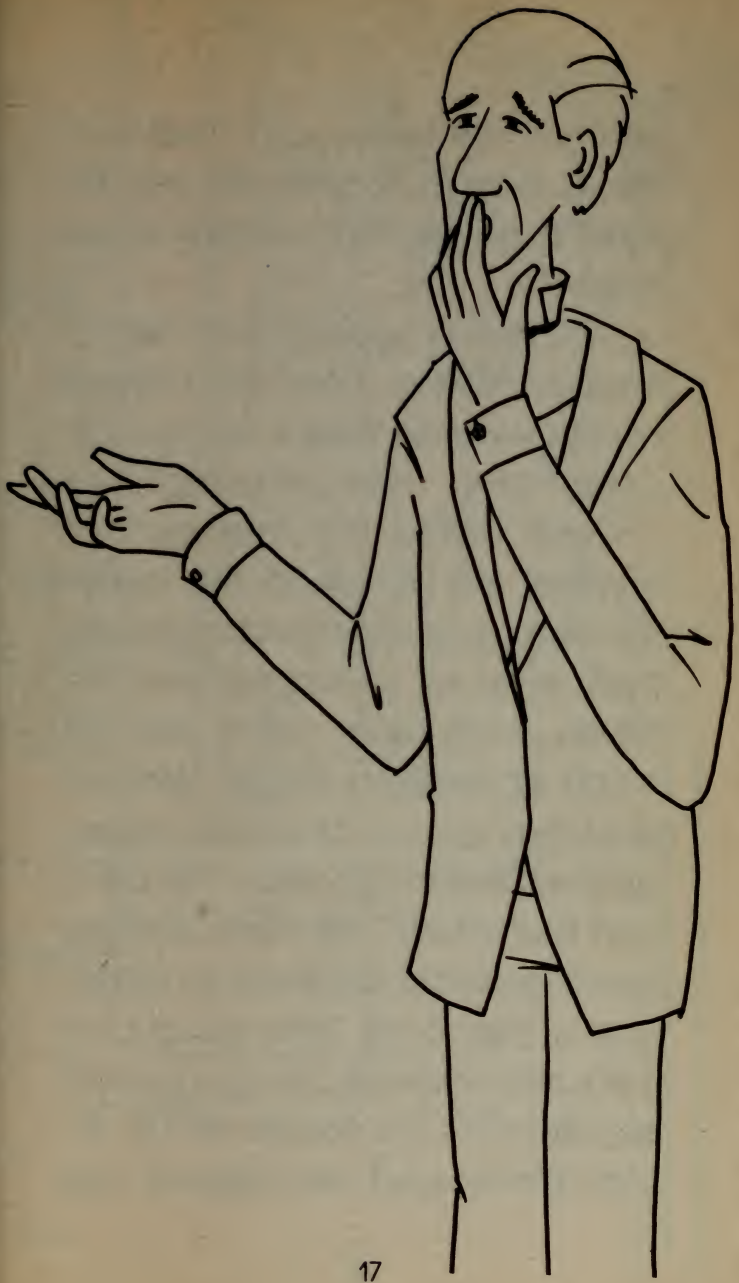


interrupted. "Perhaps you'd better stop giving orders and listen. It's my guess that with the number of cars in the driveway, Mr. Van Pelt is at home. Please tell him — and at once — that Daphne Blake and her friends are here!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh, my goodness!" gasped the surprised butler. "Mr. Van Pelt told me you'd be arriving, but he didn't say when — and besides, I didn't expect to see anyone quite so — so *young*!"

"Look, Winston," drawled Shaggy, who with Velma and Scooby-Doo, had joined Daphne and Fred at the foot of the steps, "don't get so upset! Please just let us in to see Mr. Van Pelt, or bring him out here. He sent for us, and it's important that we see him."

"Oh, certainly! At once! Come



right in!" the butler said. "Just one thing, though. Where do you intend to leave that — that huge beast?"

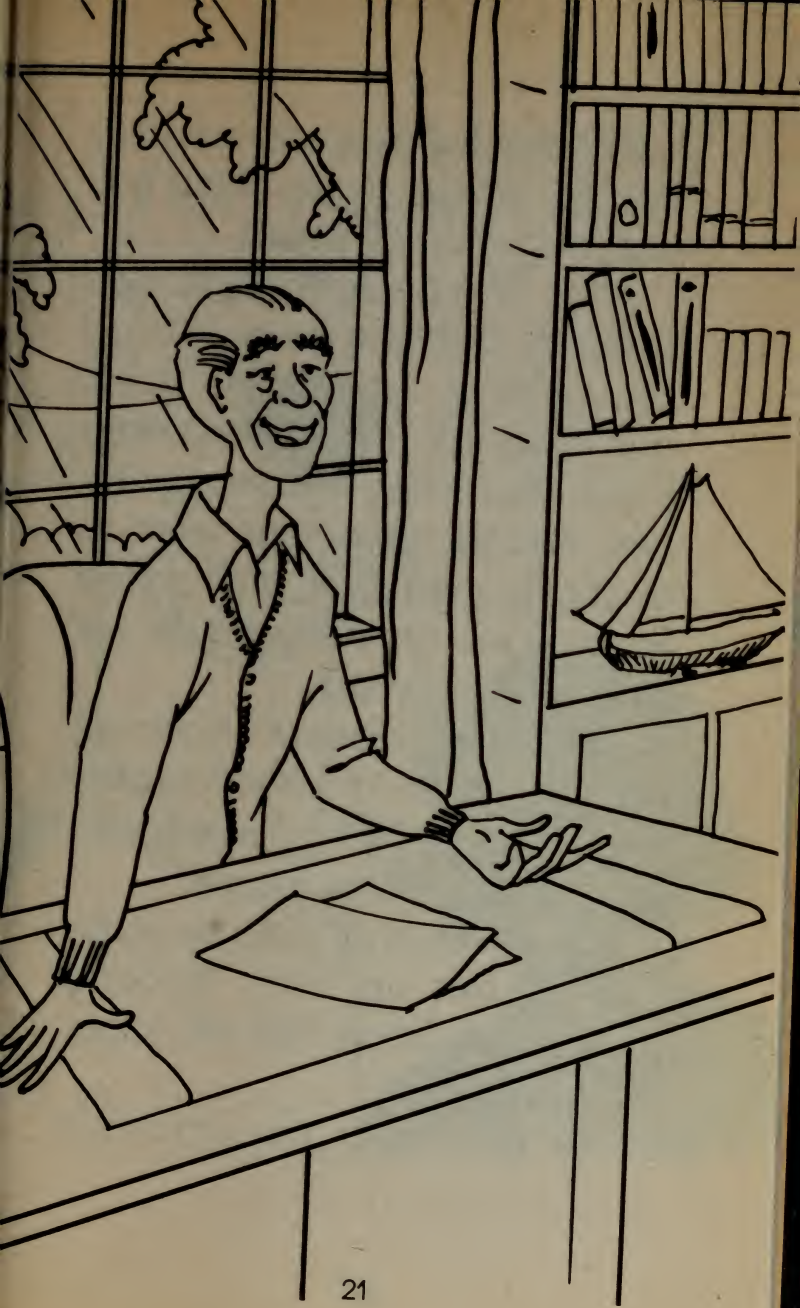
"You mean Scooby-Doo here?" Shaggy replied. "We don't *leave* him anywhere. Where we go, he goes. Now — let's get going!"

Once inside, the members of Mystery, Inc. followed the butler through a succession of vast rooms that, while full of magnificent furniture, didn't seem to be used for much of anything. Finally, Winston led them to a set of double doors, opened them and said, "This is Mr. Van Pelt's study." He then stepped inside and said, obviously to someone in the room, "Miss Blake and friends are here, sir. If I may, I would suggest you be careful of Fifi, sir. Miss Blake and her friends are

accompanied by a rather monstrous dog which seems to answer to the somewhat ridiculous name of Scooby-Doo and —"

"Oh, piffle, Winston!" said a deep voice from within the study. "Miss Blake! Come in and bring your friends!"

Daphne, Fred, Velma, Shaggy, and Scooby-Doo stepped into the big room. Seated behind a large desk was a tall, thin man with a shock of white hair and a deeply lined face. Around him, three of the four walls were filled with shelves upon which were thousands of books. The fourth wall was covered with paintings, photographs, and trophies of varying kinds, not the least of which was a stuffed and mounted sailfish that looked to be at least ten feet in length.



Sitting on the desk was a very tiny poodle, whose glossy black hair was magnificently curled.

After a wondering glance around, Daphne said, "Good afternoon, sir. I'm Daphne Blake, and these are my friends Velma Dinkly, Fred Jones, and Shaggy Rogers. And this fellow," she went on as she leaned over and patted Scooby-Doo on the head, "is our mascot, Scooby-Doo."

"Welcome, indeed!" boomed Mr. Van Pelt. "And this little one here on the desk is Fifi. I hope she and Scooby-Doo will be friends!"

"I don't think that'll be any problem," spoke up Fred. "Scooby usually gets along well with other dogs."

Velma, by far the smartest

member of Mystery, Inc., and probably the most impatient, decided that after driving for five days, it was time to get down to business.

"How long have you known that your house was haunted, Mr. Van Pelt?" she asked. "And how did you find out?"

"I can't really answer your question, young lady," replied Mr. Van Pelt. "You see, my house is not haunted!"

"You mean we drove all the way across the whole United States for nothing?" gasped Shaggy.

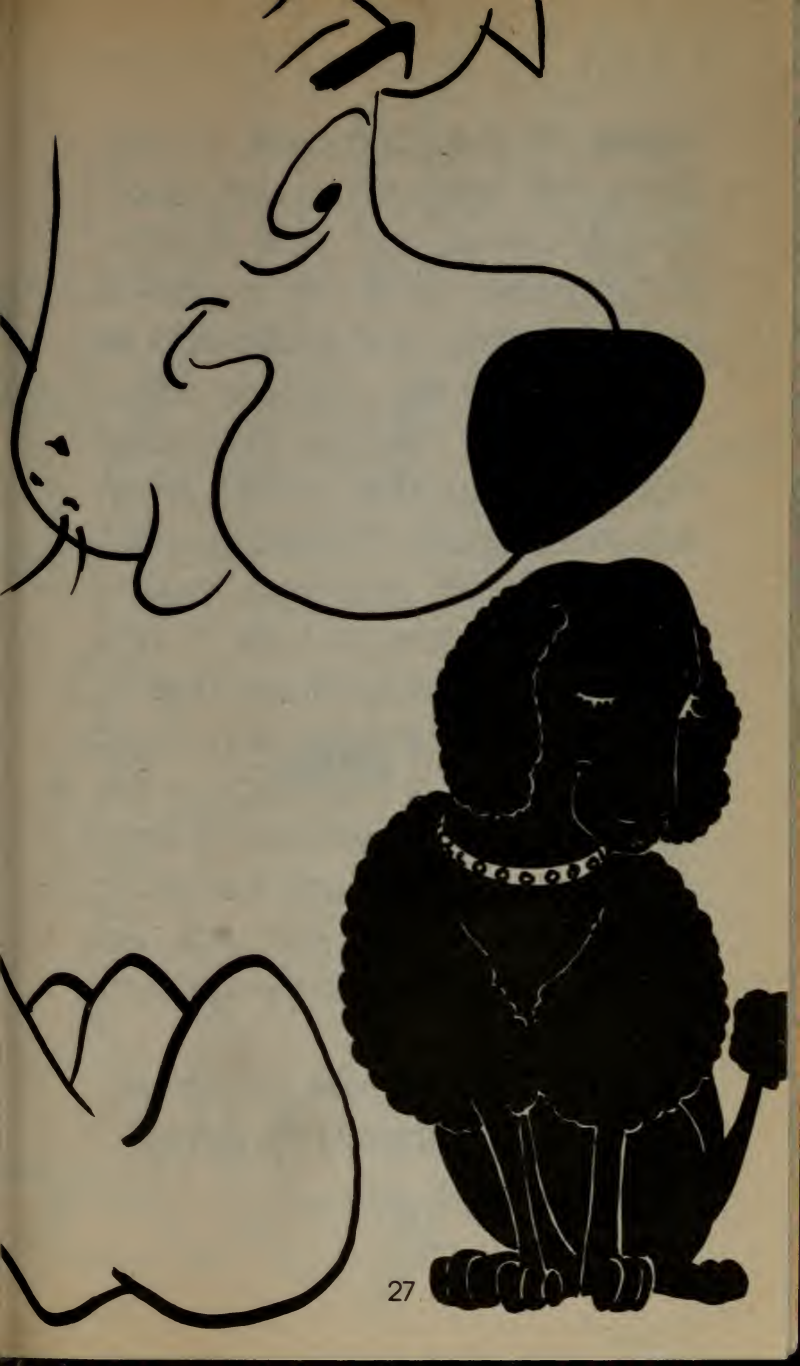
"By no means," answered Mr. Van Pelt. "I said my house is not haunted — and it isn't. The problem is not *my* house — it's Fifi's house which is haunted!"

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" groaned Shaggy. "We came three-thousand miles to investigate a haunted DOGhouse!"

"That's correct," replied Mr. Van Pelt. "And it has far more importance than you think!"

"Why is that?" asked Daphne.

"Because it so happens that Fifi is being turned into a nervous wreck by the whole affair. You see, small poodles are quite nervous by nature and very easily upset. And I must tell you that the goings on in Fifi's house have been very, very upsetting. Add to this the fact that Fifi is a valuable show dog of championship caliber. She has won many, many ribbons and trophies as best of her breed and best-in-show. And finally, next week is the all-California dog show, in



which Fifi is to compete. In fact, she's the defending champion best-of-breed and best-in-show. So you see, all of this trouble is upsetting her and if allowed to continue, will not only very effectively prevent her from defending her championship — but even prevent her from competing at all."

"Mr. Van Pelt," said Fred, "maybe we'd better have a look at Fifi's doghouse. We ought to be able to see where the trouble is in a big hurry. After all, a tiny structure like that can't be too mysterious. If worst comes to worst, we can just pick it up and turn it over. That way, we can see everything on the inside at a glance!"

"I'm afraid it's not so simple, young man," replied Fifi's owner. "I

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don't think Fifi's house can be described as a tiny structure. You see, I had that house built to my exact specifications. It is, in fact, a smaller version of the house you are now in, on a scale of 1 to 5. This house is 220 feet in length, by 180 feet in depth. Fifi's house, therefore, measures 44 feet by 36 feet, and, like this house, is two stories high. So you see, Mr. Jones, you could have a small problem if you tried turning Fifi's house upside down."

"Holy cow!" gasped Shaggy. "A doghouse that's a mansion — all for the tinest dog I ever saw!"

"When can we see Fifi's doghouse?" asked Daphne. "Even if we can't turn it over, we can surely give it a very close examination."

"Heck!" exclaimed Shaggy. "I'd want to see this poodle palace,

even if we didn't have to look it over for clues!"

"I'll tell you how I think this will work out best," said Mr. Van Pelt. "It's getting close to dinner time, and you're not settled in yet. Why don't we get you located in your rooms, and perhaps freshened up for dinner. After dinner I'll give you some more information which may prove helpful. Then, in the morning, you can start with your examination. How does that sound?"

Everyone agreed that it sounded fine. Then Mr. Van Pelt had Winston show them to their rooms, and in another hour or so, everyone sat down to dinner in the biggest dining room any member of Mystery, Inc. had ever seen.

"There's one thing I haven't told you," Mr. Van Pelt said when they

had gathered at the table for dinner. "Fifi actually sleeps in a small doghouse under a tree in a meadow below her big house. She hates the big doghouse — won't sleep in it at all!"

"Mr. Van Pelt," began Velma, "this may sound like a silly question — but have you tried to think of any reason for these goings on? And by the way — just what *does* happen when the — er — 'haunting' takes place?"

"That's a very good question, Velma," replied the host. "To answer your last question first, we hear barks, groans, howls, whimpers, whistles, and other noises. None of these noises could possibly be made by Fifi. And then, a ghostly dog, bathed in a very spooky-

looking green light, comes out on the porch and howls!"

At this point, Scooby-Doo groaned miserably and tried to crawl under the rug.

"All right, Scooby-Doo," said Shaggy soothingly, "nobody's going to haunt *you* — so just cut it out and behave like a big strong dog instead of a worm!"

"Now for your first question, Velma," said Mr. Van Pelt. "Of course, I've given this matter a great deal of thought. I can only conclude that this is a very well-thought out attempt to make certain that Fifi doesn't repeat as California champion — best-of-breed and best-in-show!"

"What about the little doghouse — the one in which Fifi sleeps?

Anything going on there?" asked Fred.

"There could be," Mr. Van Pelt replied. "I've heard her moaning in her sleep, and she seems tired in the mornings. But I haven't really *seen* anything!"

And at that exact moment, Scooby-Doo raised his head, trotted to the window, looked out, and howled mournfully.

"Scooby!" cried Fred. "What's up? What's bothering you?"

"I think it's the same thing that has been going on for about the last three weeks," Mr. Van Pelt remarked. "I think the nightly haunting has begun! Look at Fifi!"

Fifi, in a corner, was trembling while she tried to make herself even smaller than she was. At the

same time, she gazed at Scooby-Doo, looking to the big dog for comfort.

"Something's going on out there," said Daphne. "Scooby-Doo and Fifi are both hearing whatever it is. Why don't we hear anything?"

"That's been typical of this affair since it began," answered Mr. Van Pelt. "Fifi always shows signs of being upset before we in the house hear anything!"

"I think I know the answer to that," Velma said. "Whatever it is, it must be very high in pitch — too high for human ears, but dogs can hear it perfectly! If you remember, they make whistles to call dogs which the dogs can hear, even though their human masters can't."

Actually, it was less than five minutes later that Fifi's owner said,

"There you are — it's beginning!"

The 'beginning' was a succession of howls from the throat of a single dog. This kept up for nearly a minute and gradually stopped, to be followed by a mad chorus of barking, yapping, and yelping that sounded as though hundreds of dogs were going crazy all at once!

Suddenly, Shaggy said, "For Pete's sake, look at Scooby and Fifi!"

Everyone turned to look. Fifi was crouched near to the corner where she had been. Scooby-Doo stood over her, peering around the room with a challenging air, as if daring anyone or anything to harm Fifi. Fifi, in her turn, looked up at Scooby-Doo adoringly, as if to say, "My hero has come at last!"

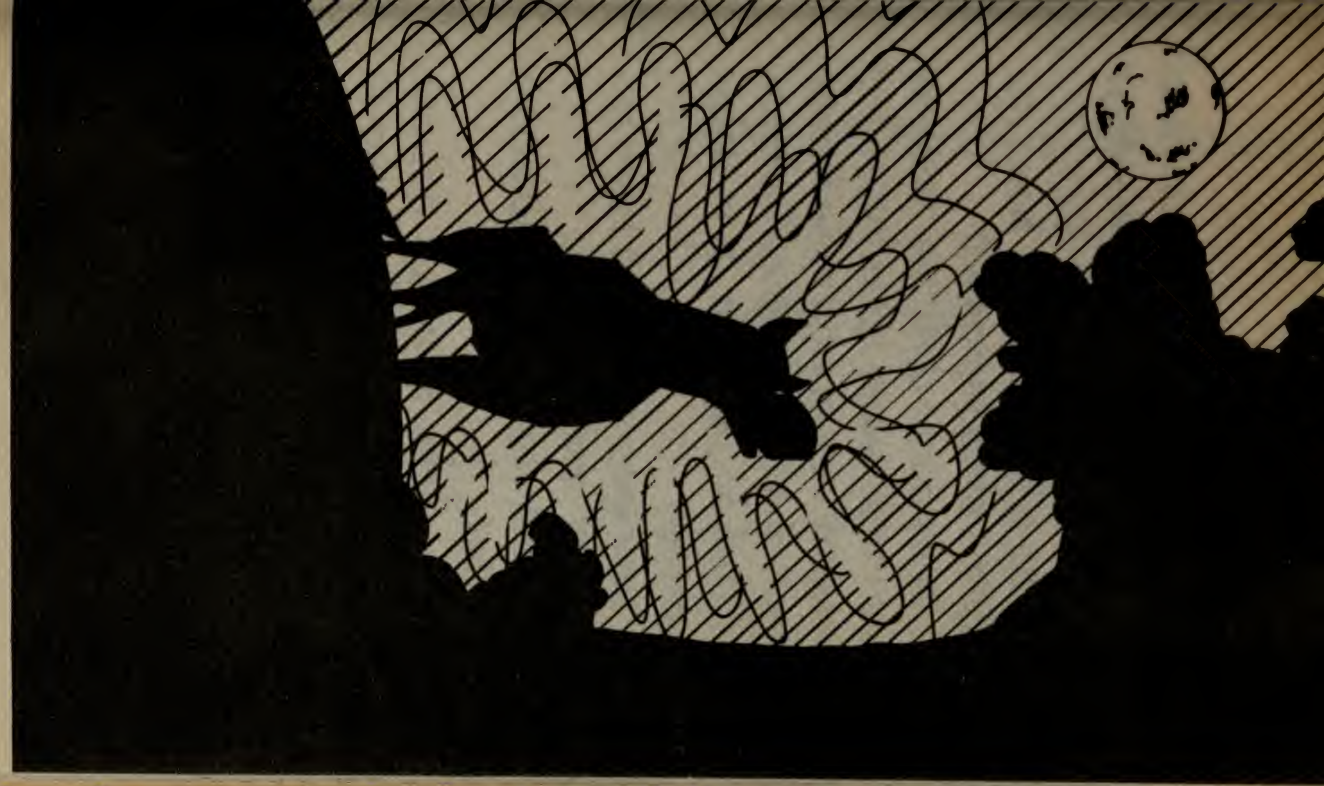
And then Fred, who had crossed to the big window, said, "Ye gods — look at this! No wonder Fifi's been upset — I think I'd be upset, too!"

Everyone dashed to the window. There, bathed in the soft moonlight, was a monstrous-looking dog which seemed to give off a ghostly, ghastly greenish glow as it raised its enormous head, opened its giant, slavering jaws, and let loose a long, long howl that seemed to last forever and chill everyone's bones!

"Hey!" exclaimed Shaggy, "look at Scooby now!"

Scooby-Doo had crouched over Fifi, still as though protecting the tiny black poodle. But by now, his front paws had covered his ears — and he wasn't looking quite so challenging.

Suddenly, the noise stopped.



Fred, who was still at the window, said, "Hey! The big green dog's gone!"

"Maybe we'll get to sleep tonight," Velma remarked.

"Don't count on it," Mr. Van Pelt said. "We usually have this sort of performance at least three times a night, and it's happened as many as five or six times in a single evening!"

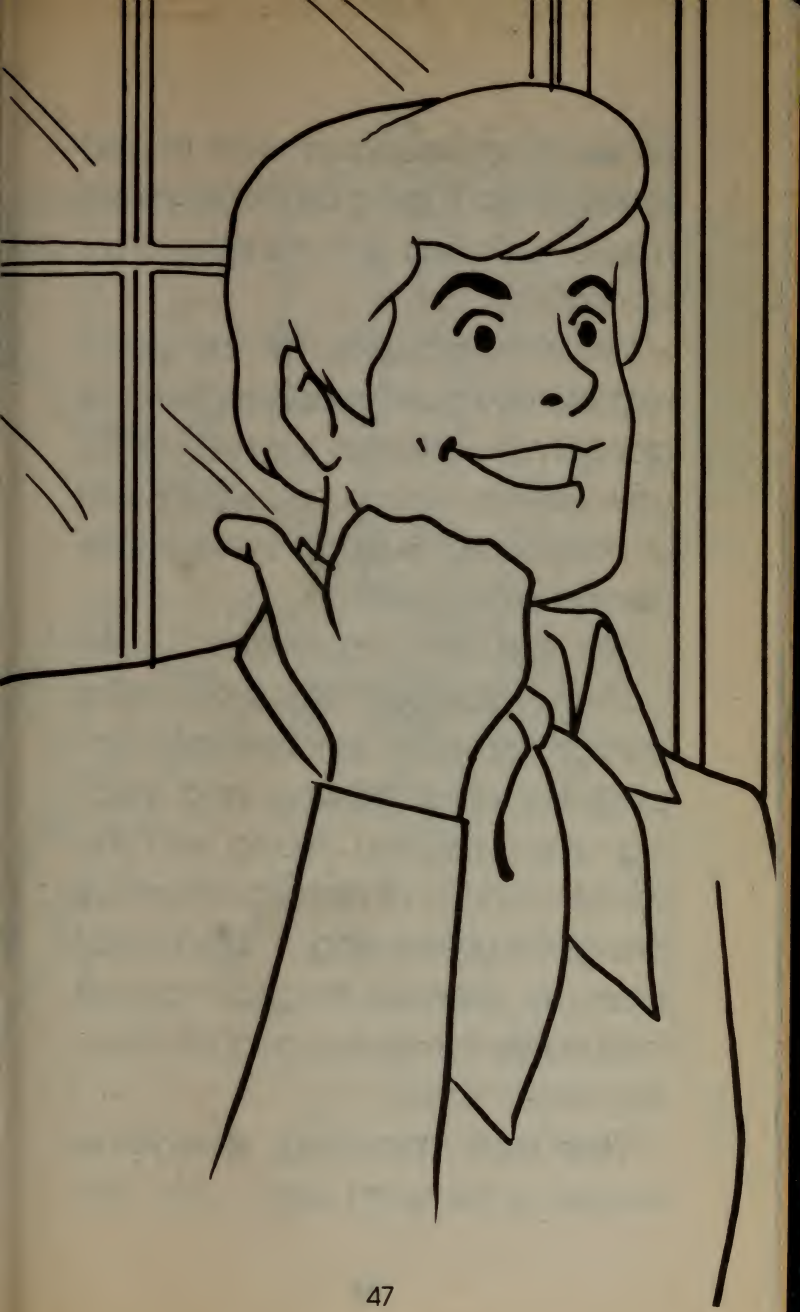
"How long has all this been going on?" asked Daphne.

"About three weeks," replied Mr. Van Pelt.

"And does it always happen after dark?" Velma wanted to know.

"That's correct," was the answer.

"You know what?" said Shaggy. "I think it would be a great idea if we



all went to bed and tried to get some sleep. It looks as though we'll have a kind of heavy day tomorrow."

Mr. Van Pelt said, "I'll say good night to you now, young ladies and gentlemen. Winston will see you to your rooms. I hope you sleep well — maybe you'll bring us all a little peace and quiet!"

Mr. Van Pelt's hope didn't quite work out, though. Three more times during the night the howling, yipping, yapping, barking, and yelping was repeated, along with the same number of appearances by the giant green dog — and each time he seemed to grow bigger and more ferocious, and his howling more scary.

The next morning, everyone looked a bit worn out — Mr. Van

Pelt because he'd been awakened in that unpleasant fashion for the past three weeks, and the members of Mystery, Inc. because they were tired from the long, hard cross-country trip in the Mystery Machine, and then had lost most of a night's sleep as well.

Naturally, there was a lot of yawning at the breakfast table. But Velma finally overcame her sleepiness to ask a question.

"Mr. Van Pelt," she said, "you seem to be convinced that all these goings on are part of a plan to keep Fifi from repeating as best-of-breed and best-in-show in the California championships."

"That's exactly right, Velma," replied Mr. Van Pelt. "It's the only reason I can think of for what's

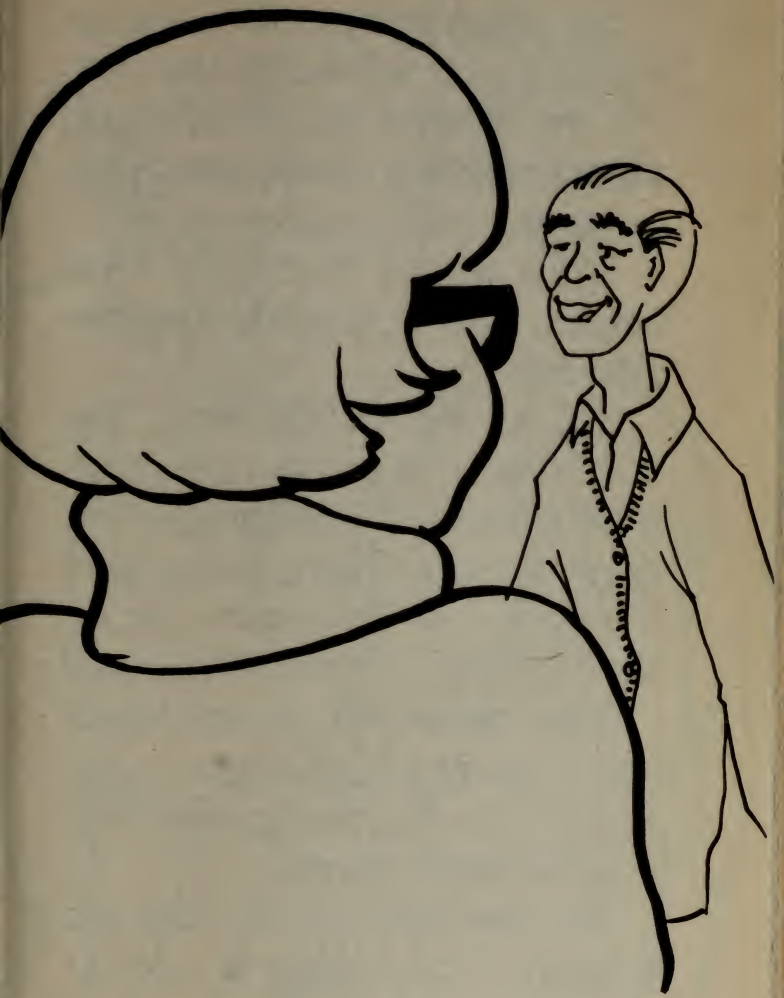
been happening around here during the past three weeks!"

"You know," Velma said slowly, "it would be really strange if that weren't the reason at all — if the whole affair was because of something else entirely!"

"But what other reason could there be?" asked Mr. Van Pelt.

"I don't know," replied Velma. "Maybe I'm just trying to pull something out of the air. In any event, I think we'd better have a good, long look at Fifi's house today!"

"Before we do that," said Fred, "I'd like one question answered. Mr. Van Pelt, if this is, as you say, an attempt to knock Fifi out of the California championship, who'd be doing it? Are there a lot of owners with dogs that could possibly beat out Fifi — if Fifi were in top shape



and not a nervous wreck?"

"I've given that problem a lot of thought, too," replied Mr. Van Pelt. "To the best of my knowledge, there's only one owner with a dog anywhere near as good as Fifi."

"Who would that be?" Fred asked. "And is the dog another poodle?"

"Oh, no!" replied Fifi's owner. "The dog is about as far from being another poodle as you can get! The dog's name is Champion Bruce of Donegal — an Irish wolfhound almost too big to fit into Fifi's house!"

"How about the owner? Who's he?" yawned Shaggy, who seemed to be having the most trouble staying awake.

"The owner isn't a he," was the answer. "The owner is named

Harriette Grabbler. She lives only about a mile from here, in a house that's even bigger than this one. And Bruce of Donegal sleeps in an even larger house than Fifi's!"

"Do you know this Mrs. Grabbler? What's she like?" asked Velma.

"Naturally, since she's a neighbor, I know her," said Mr. Van Pelt. "I must say I'm not too fond of her. She's rather violent on the subject of her dogs — particularly Bruce of Donegal. You see, she's been claiming for a year that she — and Bruce of Donegal — were cheated last year, and that there's no way a little nothing like Fifi, as she puts it, could possibly be a better show dog than that huge beast of hers, who's almost twice the size of your Scooby-Doo!"

"I think we'd best get back to the

immediate subject," said Daphne. "Let's get out there and have a long, hard look at Fifi's — what did you call it, Shaggy — poodle palace?"

"Let's go, then," Fred said, and the four members of Mystery, Inc., plus Scooby-Doo, Fifi, and Mr. Van Pelt, trooped out of the house by a rear door, crossed what looked like acres of perfect lawns, turned a corner around a low stone wall — and there was Fifi's haunted doghouse.

In truth, it was almost a small duplicate of the main house. White pillars supported the front porch overhang, with steps down from the porch to ground level. The entire structure was painted a dazzling white, just like the model

from which it had been built.

Scooby-Doo and Fifi trotted around, sniffing at everything. Neither seemed to have any fear of whatever had been tormenting everyone during the previous night. When Daphne remarked about this, Mr. Van Pelt said, "That's been the pattern all along. Frightened to death at night, but almost normal in daylight!"

"Mr. Van Pelt," Fred said, "suppose you and the girls wait here on the lawn while Shaggy and I take a quick look inside. Then, we'll all go through the place very carefully, looking for clues."

The owner thought that sounded like a good idea, even though Velma and Daphne protested vigorously at being left behind.

Fred and Shaggy entered the

big doghouse, leaving the rest of the party outside. In about three minutes, they came out again. Fred said, "There's nothing suspicious in sight, and no one is hiding there. I think it's time for us to give it a really careful search!"

And search they did. Fifi's home had five rooms on the first floor and three more on the second floor. The two girls and Mr. Van Pelt took over the search of the five first-floor rooms, while Fred and Shaggy climbed the stairs to the second floor. When they reassembled on the front porch, they all agreed that the house seemed to hold no explanations at all for the eerie goings on of the previous night — and, in fact, of the previous three weeks!

They had all agreed that, even though they had found absolutely nothing, there had to be some kind of sensible explanation, when Shaggy suddenly said, "Hey! Where are Scooby-Doo and Fifi?" He had hardly uttered the question when everyone heard a noise from outside the house.

"That sounded like Scooby-Doo!" Velma cried. Immediately, another noise was heard. This sounded like a combination grunt, bark, and growl from Scooby-Doo, punctuated by several thin yelps by Fifi.

Everyone looked at everyone else, then made a concerted dash outside and down a gentle slope to Fifi's little doghouse.

"Holy cow — look at that!" yelled Shaggy.

Scooby-Doo, using his huge

shoulders and his body weight, was leaning against the doghouse, trying to tip it over. As they watched, he gave one last big heave, and over it went. Immediately, Scooby and Fifi began to paw at the ground under the doghouse. In a few moments, they had a sizable hole. Suddenly, Velma darted to the hole, reached in, and pulled out an object which she showed to Mr. Van Pelt.

"Mr. Van Pelt," she said, "what would you say this is?" She held up the gleaming object within reach of Mr. Van Pelt, who took it, peered at it closely, showed it to the boys, then walked out from under the tree, and looked even more closely at it in the sunlight.

He then returned and said to

Velma, who stood waiting, "I'm not an expert, Velma — but it looks like a large diamond to me!"

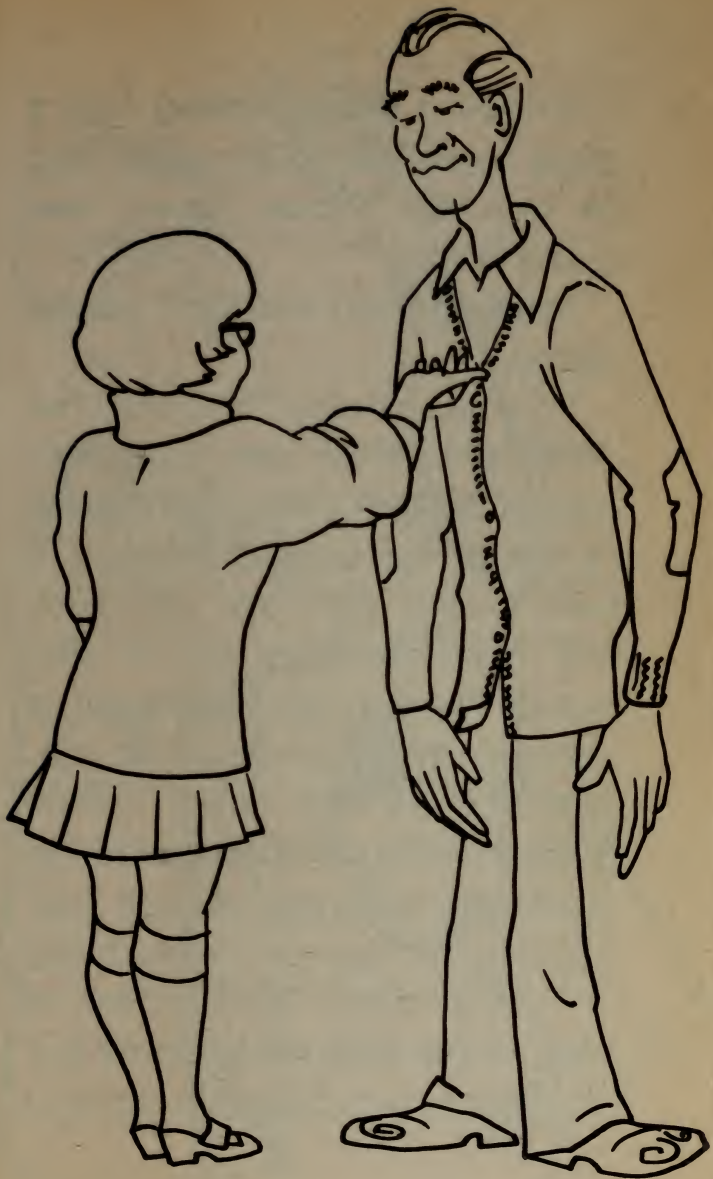
"I'm not an expert either," Velma said. "But if that's a diamond, then I guess the others are, too!"

"WHAT OTHERS!" shrieked Daphne.

"It looks as though there are several dozen of them," Velma said. "And Scooby-Doo and Fifi keep uncovering more!"

"I think I'd better have a look at this," said Mr. Van Pelt. "Velma," he went on, "would you please go back to the house and ask Winston for the large canvas bag I use for bank deposits?"

Fifteen minutes later, they were assembled in front of Fifi's small house with the stones piled up in a gleaming heap.



"I have a strong feeling that, if these really are diamonds," said Mr. Van Pelt, "I know where they came from."

"Where would that be?" asked Velma.

"Four years ago," Mr. Van Pelt continued, "there was a big robbery in San Francisco. The thieves hit five of the biggest jewelers in town in one night and got away with a tremendous haul in diamonds. Nothing has been seen or heard of the criminals or the diamonds since that time. I would guess that the criminals buried the diamonds, planning to wait perhaps four or five years before trying to market them. The robbery, in case you're wondering about the time element, took place about a

year before I had Fifi's house built. There was an old, abandoned well which we filled in, then built this little doghouse on top of it. Incidentally, I suppose I'd better get on to the police about this. Come on up to my house while I telephone the police."

"How about the diamonds?" asked Velma. "We just leave them piled up here?"

"I'm sure Scooby and Fifi will guard them well until we return," laughed Mr. Van Pelt.

"All this talk about stolen diamonds is very interesting," said Velma as they strolled back to Mr. Van Pelt's house, "but we're supposed to be investigating a haunted doghouse!"

"You're right as usual, Velma," Daphne said. "I have an idea that

we'll know a lot more about those diamonds when we solve the haunted doghouse problems!"

"Then here's what we do," said Fred. "Tonight, Shaggy and I will hide in Fifi's big house and get to the bottom of the mystery. Then —"

"Oh, no you don't!" exclaimed Velma. "You're not leaving Daphne and me out of this. We're hiding right with you!"

As usual, there was an argument about this, but Velma and Daphne won the argument. And so that evening, the four members of Mystery, Inc., along with an unwilling Scooby-Doo, took up stations in Fifi's big house to try to solve the mystery.

Not long after dark, Scooby-Doo began to whimper and covered

his ears.

"It's beginning," whispered Shaggy. "That must be the ultrasonic whistling!"

Five minutes later, the earsplitting chorus of yaps, barks, yips, and yelps began.

"Hey!" Fred exclaimed. "That racket is coming from upstairs. C'mon, Shaggy — let's find out where it's coming from!"

"We'll keep watch down here," said Velma, as the two young men made a dash for the stairs, being guided by one of the three flashlights they had brought with them.

Five minutes later, they came back downstairs.

"There's an attic up above the second floor," said Fred, shouting to make himself heard above the din. "And in the attic is a whole

stereo system, with a big tape playing away. What we're hearing is a lot of recorded dog sound effects. It seems to be operated by some sort of remote control, possibly short-wave radio!"

"This is all very interesting," Daphne said, "but THAT'S no sound effect!" She pointed outside, where the ghostly green dog had just put in an appearance. And, then in a few moments, the dog disappeared and the noise stopped.

"Whew!" said Shaggy. "What a relief!"

"Quiet!" hissed Fred. "I think I hear something else! And I think it's coming from the little doghouse!"

The four members of Mystery, Inc. tiptoed rapidly to the front porch. "What are we going to do?"

whispered Shaggy.

"We're going to find out who's down there and maybe get to the bottom of some of this!" Velma replied.

Daphne said, "Get ready to turn on your flashlights, everyone. We're going to move very, very quietly down the slope. When I say go, shine them right where the dogs were digging!" And with that, the four young people made their way down the slope to the big tree.

The powerful flashlights revealed two tough-looking tiny men, dazzled by the sudden light, preparing to dig where Scooby-Doo and Fifi had uncovered the diamonds.

"Holy cow! Midgets!" yelled Fred. "Shaggy, get to the house and have Mr. Van Pelt get the police out here! We'll hold them right here

meanwhile!"

Twenty minutes later, the police had the two little diggers in custody, and everyone was gathered in Mr. Van Pelt's study.

"Congratulations!" he said. "It seems you youngsters have solved our mystery! Those criminals must have buried the diamonds, expecting to dig them up after the police began to lose interest in the case!"

"I don't think we've gotten all the way to the bottom, sir," said Velma. "For example, we don't know —"

She was interrupted by the same wild chorus of dog noises. And then, the frightful green dog appeared again!

"You see what I mean?" Velma said. "It seems there were two

mysteries around here — not just one. We seem to have solved the one we didn't even know about — but we still have to figure out the other one!"

"How do you propose to do that?" inquired Mr. Van Pelt.

"I suggest that we leave Scooby-Doo and Fifi here with the servants," replied Velma. "I also suggest that the four of us and you, Mr. Van Pelt, pay a very quiet visit in the Mystery Machine to your neighbor, Mrs. Grabbler. I want us to be there when the next scary exhibition takes place!"

"You all agree to that?" asked Mr. Van Pelt, looking at Fred, Shaggy, and Daphne.

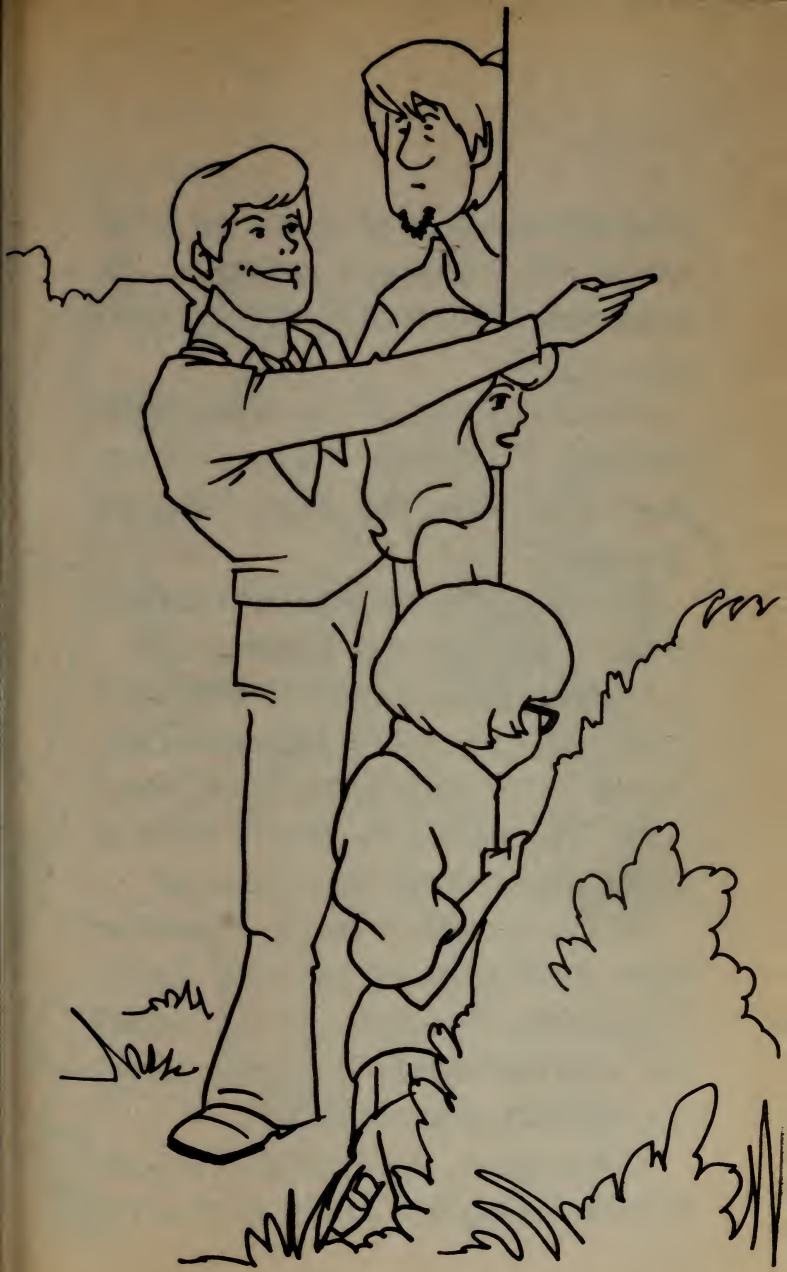
"We certainly do," was the answer. "Very well, then," Fifi's owner said. "Let's go."

As they approached the turn off into Mrs. Grabbler's driveway, Mr. Van Pelt said, "It's coming up on your left. The driveway's about two hundred yards long. If you want to proceed in secret, I suggest you turn your lights off as soon as you make your left turn, then proceed very carefully and slowly. I think there's enough moonlight so that you can make it."

A few minutes later, he whispered, "Park the Mystery Machine here. We can proceed on foot to where we can see into the house."

The party of five tiptoed carefully to the big house. "I guess we'll just have to keep moving around the house until we see anything suspicious," Fred whispered.

"Mrs. Grabbler has a study



toward the rear," Mr. Van Pelt whispered. "If anything is going on, it'll probably be in that room! Circle to your right!"

Before long they saw light ahead. "I believe that's coming from the study," Mr. Van Pelt said quietly.

Daphne whispered, "Let's get up close and see what's going on!"

Finally, they reached the light streaming from the big windows. "Keep back out of the light!" Fred said. "We need to see in from a point where they can't see us!"

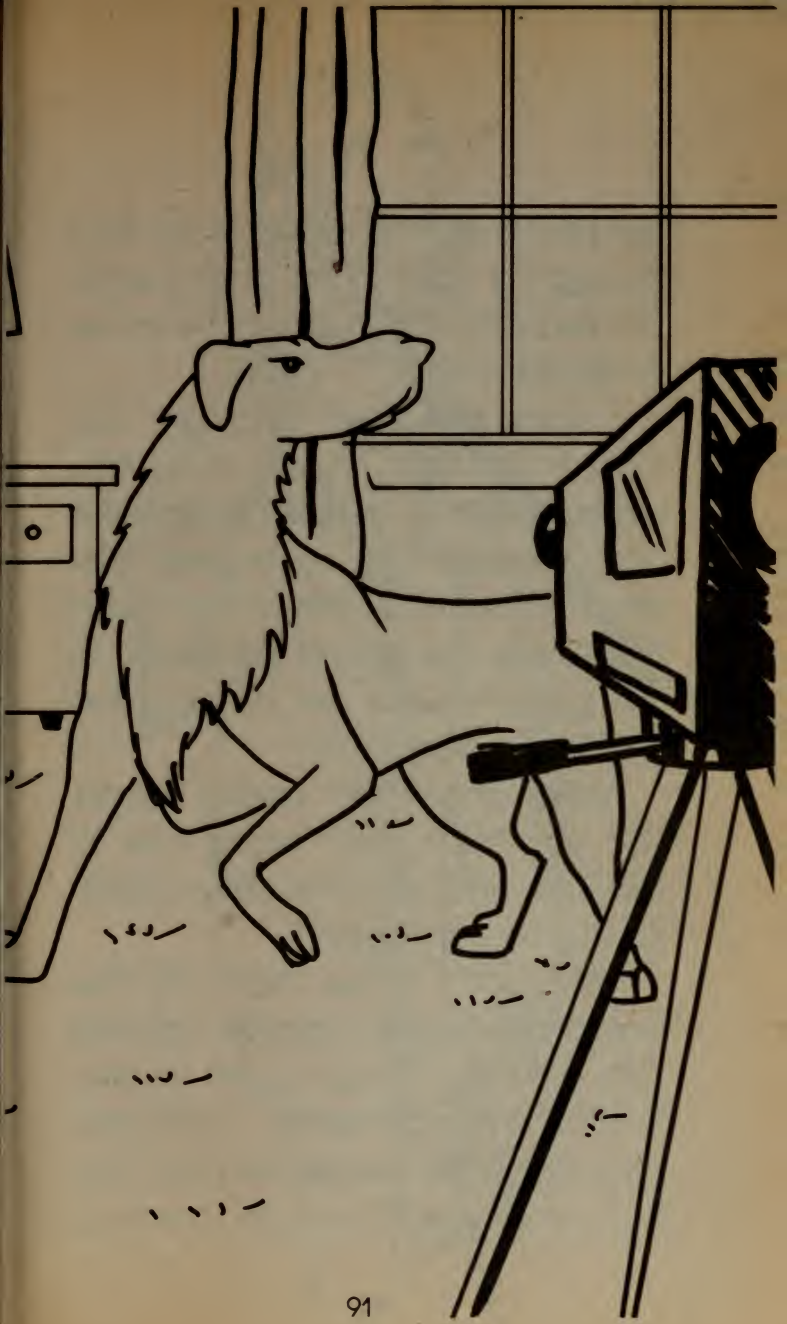
All five backed away from the light, then peered into the room. "That's Mrs. Grabbler at the desk," Mr. Van Pelt said. "The man is her handyman, Ken Griffiths."

In the room, the handyman was manipulating the controls of what

looked like a shortwave radio. Beside it was a television receiver. On the TV screen, was the giant ghostly green dog, doing exactly what they had seen him do on Mr. Van Pelt's property.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Van Pelt. "I never realized until now that that green dog is Bruce of Donegal — with some trick lighting and photography to turn him that awful-looking green!"

"I think I know what's going on," Fred said. "I've fooled around with photography enough to know there's a way of projecting a photographic image into space and having it look as though it's real. You don't even need a screen or a wall to project the image onto. And I'll bet the projector is under

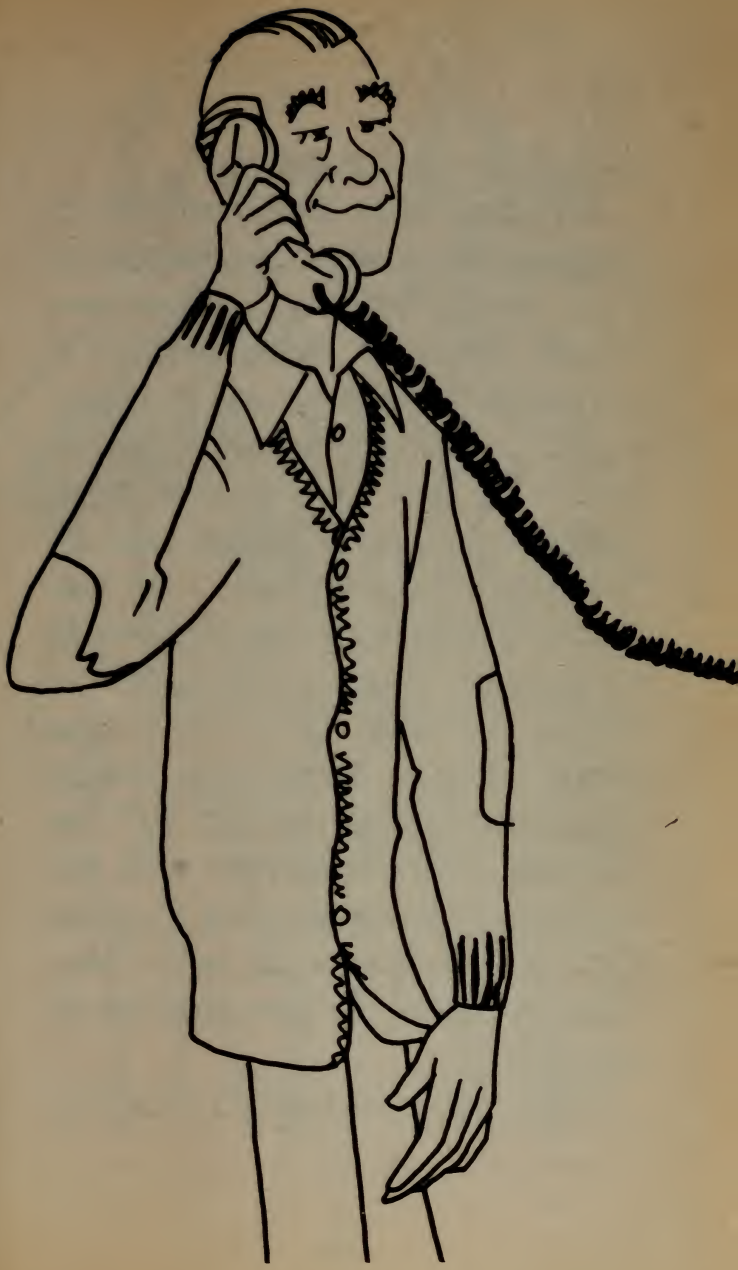


the porch of Fifi's house, projecting through a hole in the latticework. The sound is coming from the same projector, too."

"I think I've seen enough," Mr. Van Pelt said. "I can stop this woman with a simple telephone call, threatening to expose her whole scheme — after I've showed the under-the-porch projector to the people who are running the California dog show."

"What about Fifi?" asked Velma. "Do you think she'll have time to recover and get mentally conditioned to compete?"

"We won't know that until the end of next week," said Mr. Van Pelt with a smile. "I know you're all anxious to get back home — so I'll give you my hearty thanks for your help here and now. I'll be sure to let you



know how Fifi makes out!"

Ten days later, the members of Mystery, Inc. were in the middle of their weekly meeting at Daphne's house when Mr. Blake walked in and said, "Please excuse the interruption — but I know this will interest you. I've just had a call from Gideon Van Pelt. Fifi won best-of-breed and best-in-show — all over again. Incidentally, he said something about Bruce of Donegal not being entered. Oh — and one more thing — there was a ten-thousand-dollar reward for the capture of the criminals and the recovery of the diamonds. It's in the form of a check made out to Mystery, Inc. What do you propose to do with it?"

"Why don't we build a two-story

doghouse for Scooby, with running water and all the other stuff Fifi's house has?" suggested Shaggy.

Scooby-Doo sort of snorted and looked embarrassed at the same time.

Daphne said, "We don't take money for what we do. Why don't we let Daddy pick out a good charity and contribute the reward in all our names?"

"Great idea!" Velma exclaimed. Everyone agreed.

"Er-ker ooh," growled Scooby-Doo, which was as close as he could come to "OK, too!"

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